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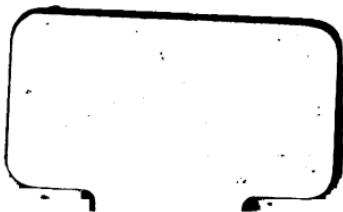
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EPIGRAMS.



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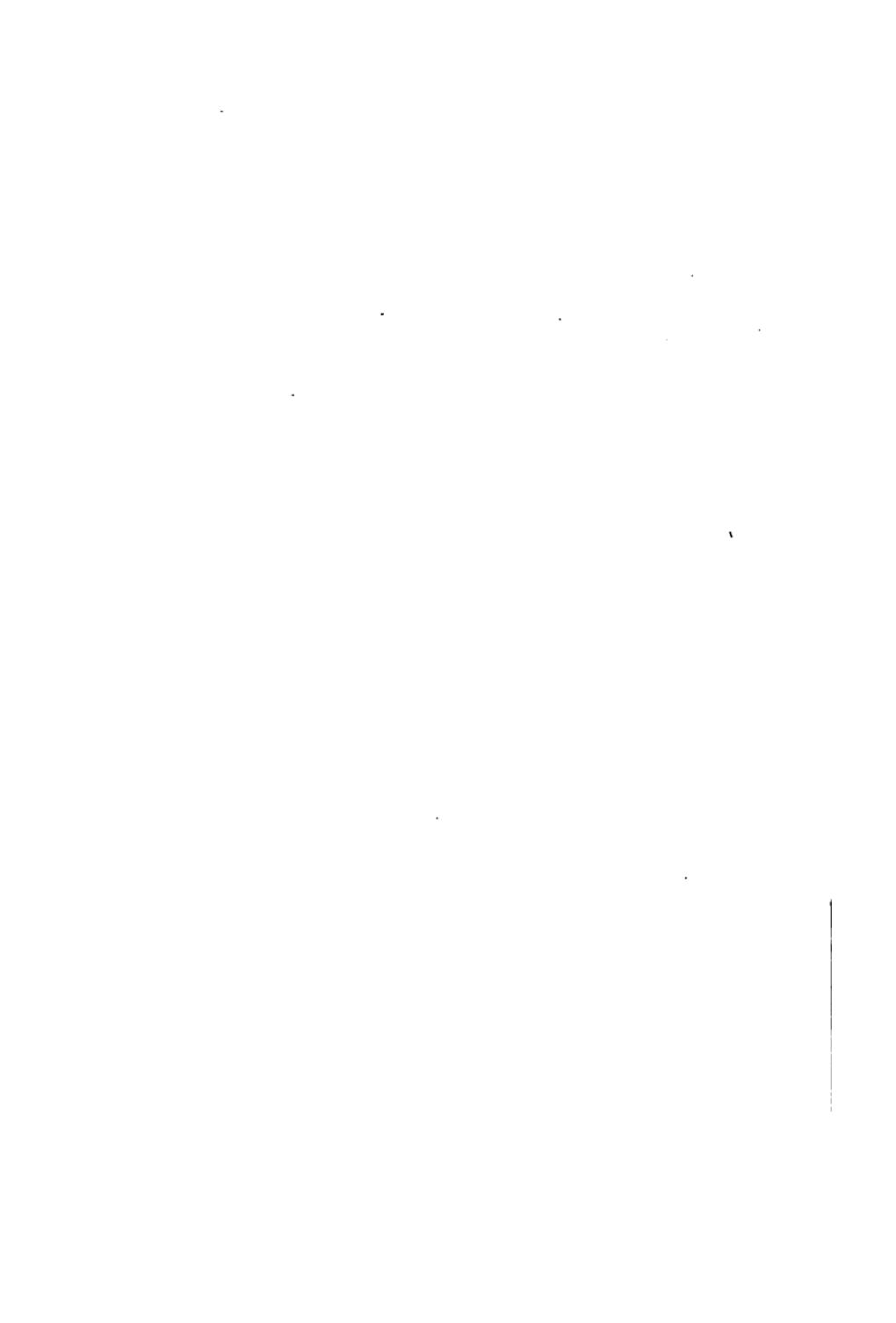


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I







EPIGRAMS:

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

If true that notion, which but few contest,
That, in the way of wit, short things are best,
Then in good *Epigrams* two virtues meet :
For 'tis their glory to be short and sweet.

1877.

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EPIGRAMS.

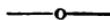
Description of an Epigram.

IF true that notion, which but few contest,
That in the way of wit, short things are best ;
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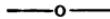
THOUGH nothing seems more easy, yet no part
Of poetry requires a nicer art :
For, as in rows of richest pearl there lies
Many a blemish that escapes our eyes,
The least of which defects is plainly shown
In some small ring, and brings the value down ;
So songs should be to just perfection wrought,
Exact propriety of words and thought ;
Expression easy, and the fancy high,
Yet that nor seem to creep, nor this to fly ;
No words transposed ; but in such order all,
As, though with care, may seem by chance to fall.

A Good Excuse.

A GENTLEMAN, furious with anger and hunger,
 Thus addressed an itinerant Irish fishmonger:
 " You knavish, infernal impostor ! pray, how
 Could you sell me such fish as I paid for just now ?
 Why hang it, you rascal ! they stink like the devil."
 Says Paddy, " Your honour, that's not very civil.
 Whate'er be the mack'rel, 'tis surely a shame
 To blame me when none but yourself is to blame.
 Before your own door, you allowed me to cry 'em
 Five days, sir, before you thought proper to buy 'em."

*On hearing an Actor in a Barn swear to follow his Mistress through VEEL or VOE.*

T'WIXT *voe* and *veel* no difference do I know,
 For that which we call *veal* the French call *veau*.
 When in mistakes like these your actors deal,
 They make your *melo-drame* a *veau-de-ville*.

*Black Work.*

A CERTAIN colonel, old, and poor, and lame,
 And therefore somewhat choleric and fervent,
 Had advertised for a man-servant,
 And was employed in writing, when there came
 Into his room a spruce and dandy footman,
 Who scorned to be a boot and shoe man,
 And therefore asked, as he drew near,
 " Pray, sir, who does the black-work here ?"
 " That, sir, I do myself," the colonel said,
 And threw his inkstand at the fellow's head.

By a Lady, on hearing a Gentleman say he would never Dance with a plain Woman.

YOUNG Damon vows,—nay, hear him swear,—
He'll dance with none but what are fair.
Suppose we girls a law dispense,
To dance with none but men of sense.
“ Suppose you should ; pray, ma'am, what then ? ”
“ Why, sir, you'd never dance again.”

—o—

Jeux d'Esprit.
Petition of the Letter H to certain Persons.

WHEREAS by you I have been driven
From house, from home, from hope, from
heaven,
And placed by your most learned society
In exile, anguish, and anxiety,
And used (without one just pretence)
With arrogance and insolence :
I hereby ask full restitution,
And beg you'll mend your elocution.

ANSWER.

Whereas we've rescued you, ingrate,
From hell, from horror, and from hate,
From horse-pond, hedge-bill, and from halter,
And consecrated you in altar—
We think you need no restitution,
And shall not change our elocution.

—o—

DEAR Bell, to gain money, sure silence is best,
For dumb-bells are fittest to open the chest.”

On two Beautiful Sisters being Drowned in the Sea.

WHAT to the faithless Ocean now is due?
She gave one Venus, and has taken two.



“**T**O this night’s masquerade,” quoth Dick,
“By pleasure I am beckon’d,
And think ’twould be a pleasant trick
To go as Charles the Second?”
Tom felt for repartee a thirst,
And thus to Richard said :—
“You’d better go as Charles the First ;
For that requires no head.”

*On a Gentleman named Heddy.*

IN reading his name, it may truly be said,
You will make the man *dy* if you cut off his *hed*.



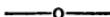
TREASON does never prosper : what’s the reason ?
Why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason.

*Praise of a Lady’s Grey Hair.*

THO’ time has changed thee,—late so fair,
I love thee ne’er the worse ;
For when he took thy golden hair,
He filled with gold thy purse.

A Moving Orator.

YES, Sir, your speech is moving, I must say,—
See, half your audience it has moved away.



Q UOTH angry Tom to Will, “I much suspect
That in your face a swindling rogue I view.”
“Tis fact,” says Will, “for if my eyes reflect,
They show one rogue reflected into two.”

*The Slow Barber.*

S O slow you do your work, you lazy knave,
Another beard will grow while this you shave.

MARTIAL.



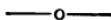
A H ! who would envy Tom his sense,
And scorn his neighbour’s riches,
Since lordly *fools* abound in pence,
And *wits* wear ragged breeches ?

*The Difference.*

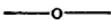
A PRIEST, who awhile at the altar had tarried,
Awaiting a couple proclaimed to be married,
Disgusted and teased by the lengthen’d delay,
Till his last drop of patience was oozing away,
Thus exclaimed in a passion—“ Oh, had I the power
To *unmarry again*, folks would keep to the hour.”

A Complaint by Molly the Maid.

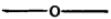
AT a cheap shop, hardly ten days ago,
“Fast colours warranted,” I bought a gown ;
Which I have worn but thrice, and find them so—
So fast, indeed, that every one has flown.

*A Rout.*

“VAT is von rout ?” a Frenchman thus inquired.
“A Rout?—A party at which folks get tired.”
“Ah, by my fait ! Ve have dose parties too ;
De rout vat fagg’d me most—vas Waterloo.”

*On an Album.*

AN Album ! Prythee, what is it ?
A book like this I’m shown,
Kept to be filled with other’s wit,
By people who have none.



THE French have taste in all they do,
While we are quite without ;
For Nature, who to them gave *Gout*,
To us gave only *Gout*.
Condemn not in such haste,
To letters four appealing ;
Their *Gout* is only *taste*,
The English *Gout* is *feeling* !

On Miss Wise.

“**T**O be Wise is a blessing, most people will say ;
Then why should this maid wish to marry ?
Then she'd cease to be Wise.” “Very true, Sir ; but,
pray,
May she not prove too Wise if she tarry ?”

—o—

To a Lady who said she would Box my Ears.

FIRM to your threat, Matilda, stand ;
The promise made, maintain it ;
And fail not to bestow your hand
On one who won't disdain it.

—o—

On a Clergyman's Horse Biting him.

THE steed bit his master,
How came it to pass ?
He heard the good pastor
Cry, “All flesh is grass.”

—o—

CHARLES keeps a secret well, or I'm deceived ;
For nothing Charles can say will be believed.

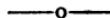
—o—

Wit and Novelty.

ANDREWS, 'tis said, a comedy has writ,
Replete throughout with novelty and wit.
If it has wit, to *both* will I agree ;
For *wit* from Andrews, must be *novelty*.

YOU, gaily clad, despise my ragged gown.
I grant 'tis ragged ; but it is my own.

MARTIAL.



Elegant Wit.

AS in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set ;
Their want of edge from their offence is seen,
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.



The Oath.

“ **D**O you,” said Fanny, t’other day,
“ In earnest love me, as you say ;
Or are these tender words applied
Alike to fifty girls beside ? ”
“ Dear, cruel girl,” said I, “ forbear ;
For by these cherry lips I swear ”—
She stopped me as the oath I took,
And said, “ You’ve sworn, so kiss the book.”



Shepherd’s Tartan (much worn as Trousers by Gentlemen in Summer time).

WHY is the shepherd’s plaid so much the rage
Among the *beaux* of this our reasoning age ?
Is it to prove, amidst life’s pains and losses,
They willingly submit to *bear their crosses* ?
More likely ’tis, when thus they are bedecked,
They think their steps so giddy should be checked.

*Upon a Company of Bad Dancers to
Good Music.*

H OW ill the motion with the music suits !
So Orpheus fiddled, and so danced the brutes.

—o—
L OUD brayed an ass. Cried Kate, to jeer
Her spouse with giddy carriage,
“One of your relatives I hear.”
“Yes, Love,” said he, “*by marriage.*”

On the Derivation of the Word “News.”

T HE word explains itself, without the Muse,
And the four letters speak from whence comes news;
From North, East, West, South, the solution’s made,
Each quarter gives accounts of war and trade.

*On a full-length Portrait of Beau Nash being
placed in the Pump Room, at Bath, between
the Busts of Sir Isaac Newton and Pope.*

I MMORTAL Newton never spoke
More truth than here you’ll find,
Nor Pope himself e’er penned a joke
More cruel on mankind.
The picture placed the busts between
Gives satire all its strength :
Wisdom and wit are *little* seen,
But folly at full length.

The Brewer's Coachman.

HONEST William, an easy and good-natured fellow,
 Would a little too oft get a little too mellow.
 Body coachman was he to an eminent brewer ;
 Nor better e'er sat on a box to be sure.
 His coach was kept clean, and no mothers or nurses
 Took such care of their babes as he took of his horses.
 He had these, ay, and fifty good qualities more,
 But the business of tippling could ne'er be got o'er ;
 So his master effectually mended the matter
 By hiring a man who drank nothing but water.
 "Now, William!" said he, "you see the plain case,
 Had you drank as he does, you'd have kept a good place."
 "Drink water!" quoth William. "Had all men done so,
 You'd never have wanted a coachman, I trow ;
 'Tis such topers like me, whom you load with reproaches,
 That enable you brewers to ride in your coaches."

—o—

The Cry for Union.

MONG the men what dire diversions rise,
 For union one, and one "no union" cries.
 Shame on the sex that such disputes began,
 Ladies are all for union—to a man !

—o—

On Dyer, the Poet.

THE world all say, my gentle Dyer,
 Thy odes do very much want fire ;
 Repair the fault, my gentle Dyer,
 And throw thy odes into the fire. REID.

LIFE, we 've been long together,
 Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;
 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
 Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear.
 Then steal away ; give little warning ;
 Choose thine own time ;
 Say not good-night, but in some brighter clime
 Bid me "good-morning."

MRS. BARBAULD.

On which Wordsworth is said to have remarked, "I am not in the habit of grudging people their good things, but I wish I had written those lines."

—o—

The Joke of Charles Mathews versified.

A TRAV'LLER, some little time back,
 Was telling another a history,
 Whose manners betrayed a great lack
 Of sense to unravel the mystery.
 "Why, sir, it is strange you can't see,
 Or perhaps it don't meet your belief,
 Tis as simple as plain A B C."
 "Yes," cried t'other, "but I'm D E F."

—o—

From the Greek.

HAST thou been told that Pollio lies here,
 On whom that mortal evil sickness preyed ?
 No ; tis the robe of flesh he used to wear,
 Which, ere to heaven he mounted, down he laid.

*Moon, Boys & Graves.**

MOON, Boys and Graves, when these three jolly
fellows die
Their epitaph is written soon ;
For Boys amid the Graves will lie,
And above 'em shines the Moon.

The Humourist ; from Martial.

FOR all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou 'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow ;
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee nor without thee.

ADDISON.

“ **A**RE good folks very clean up town ? ”
Enquired a rustic o'er his porter.
“ Clean,” cried a cockney, just come down,
“ They even wash their milk with water.”

YOU beat your pate, and fancy wit will come :
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.

SWIFT.

On a Parson who fell Asleep at a Party.

STILL let him sleep, still let us talk my friends,
When next he preaches we'll have full amends.

* A firm of eminent printsellers.

The Incurious.

THREE years in London Bobadil has been,
Yet not the lions or the tombs has seen ;
I cannot tell the cause without a smile,—
The rogue has been in Newgate all the while.

Jack and Roger.

JACK, eating rotten cheese, did say,
“Like Samson, I my thousands slay.”
“I vow,” quoth Roger, “so you do,
And with the self-same weapon too.”

Lines touching the Line.

A YANKEE of genius, by no means a lubber,
Patented some ships built of tough india-rubber,
Which would walk in half no time all over creation ;
So, thinking he'd found out a boon for his nation
To Congress he offered his macintosh fleet,
Which he guessed would all other craft very soon beat.
But Congress his vessels thought fit to decline,
Lest in sailing across they should rub out the line.

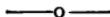
J. STEWART.

The Egotist.

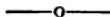
SO well deserved is Roger's fame,
That friends who hear most, advise
The Egotist to change his name
To Argus with his hundred I's.

On the fading of Sir Joshua Reynolds's Colours.

THE art of painting was at first designed
 To bring the dead, our ancestors, to mind ;
 But this same painter has reversed the plan,
 And made the picture die before the man.



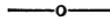
M YRTILLA, rising with the dawn,
 Culls roses from the blushing morn ;
 But when Myrtilla sleeps till ten,
 Aurora steals them back again.



An Irish Reason for not Robbing the Mail.

" LET'S rob the mail," cried Pat to Tim O'Hay,
 " And sack the bags before they reach Kil-
 kenny."
 Says Tim, " Be aisy, that same spree won't pay,
 For now a letter only costs a penny !"

JAS. STEWART.



Memory Paraphrased; from the French.

O MEMORY,
 Thou lingering murmurer
 Within joy's broken shell !
 Why have I not,
 In losing all I loved,
 Lost thee as well ?

On Old Age.

OLD age annoys me, youth's fair spring-time grieves
me,

The one approaches, and the other leaves me.

MARTIN OPITZ VON BOBENFOLD.



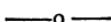
“YOU'RE a false cruel wretch ! Not a year after
marriage

To try to degrade me, and put down the carriage.”

“A lady, my dear,” was the assuring reproach,

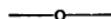
“Is known by her carriage, but not by her coach.”

R. J.

*To a Detif Prisoner.*

REMANDED ! the case is quite cheering,
To morrow they've promised to give you your
hearing.

H. W. C.



WHEN London, of a rogue bereft,
Saw Tomkins the *Distiller* die,

It seems some fifty pounds he left

To pay a poet for a lie.

Thus wrote the Bard, who lacking gold
Was yet to tell a fib unwilling,—

“This stone need not his worth disclose
Who half his life was good in-stilling.”

R. T.

*To the Lord Mayor and Gentlemen who advocate
“Temperance Societies” for the Poor.*

MY good Lord Mayor, 'tis rich and rare
To learn that abstinence you press;
Since high and low must surely know
In temperance is your happiness.

H. W. C.



Sent to a Youth with the Present of a Watch.

HE who would wear a watch must two things do,—
Pocket his watch, and watch his pocket too.



By a Gentleman named Lowry.

ALTHOUGH my name is Lowry, pray turn me not away,
For there's many a lowery morning turns out a very fine day.



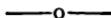
ON Sabbath morn two sisters rise,
And each to chapel goes ;
Fair Caroline to close her eyes,
And Jane to eye her clothes.



FIRST worship God ; he that forgets to pray
Bids not himself good-morrow or good-day.

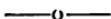
THOMAS RANDOLPH.

A LL Flora's friends have died, it seems, before her:
I wish my wife had been a friend of Flora.



TAKE not His name, who made thy tongue, in vain :
It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse.

HERBERT.



THIS is an old maxim in the schools,
That vanity's the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.

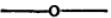
SWIFT.



*On the Proposed Marriage of Mr. William
A——B——to Miss Grace T——.*

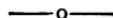
THAT a change may arise from the union
I think may be very soon shown ;
He'll add a fresh *Grace* to his person,
And she'll have a *Will* of her own.

B. S.



By William Oldis.

IN word and *will I am* a friend to you ;
And one friend *old is* worth a hundred new.



WHAT riches give us, let us first inquire—
Meat, fire, and clothes; what else?
Meat, clothes, and fire.

POPE.

HE saw a cottage with a double coach-house—
A cottage of gentility ;
And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility.

COLERIDGE.

—o—

Abstinence.

AGAINST diseases here the strongest fence
Is the defensive virtue, abstinence.

HERRICK.

—o—

Inscribed on a Set of Church Bells.

TO call the folks to church in time
I chime.
When joy and mirth are on the wing
I ring.
When from the body parts the soul
I toll.

—o—

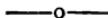
*On a Wine Cellar being formed under the Chapel
in Chapel Street, Mayfair.*

THHERE'S a spirit above and a spirit below,
A spirit of joy and a spirit of woe ;
The spirit above is the spirit Divine,
Whilst the spirit below is the spirit of wine.

HOW oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done.



WHAT is the reason—can you guess?—
Why men are poor and women thinner?
So much do they for dinner dress,
That nothing's left to dress for dinner.



On a Lame Beggar.

I AM unable, yonder beggar cries,
To stand or move. If he says true he lies.

J. H.



Brag.

THE initials of Brougham, Russell, Althorp, and
Grey,
If rightly disposed, the word Brag will display ;
Transpose these, and Grab will appear to the view ;
Which hints at what many may assert to be true—
That they, like old statesmen, still follow the plan,
First to *brag* what they'll do, and then *grab* what they
can.



Punning.

THAT punning is an idle sport,
And of all wit the *lowest* sort,
I grant ; for by its station
'Tis evidently wit's foundation.

WARD has no heart they say, but I deny it ;
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it.
SAM ROGERS.



The Correspondent and the Editor.

A CORRESPONDENT, something new
Transmitting, signed himself X. Q.
The Editor his letter read,
And begg'd he might be X. Q. Z.



On the Author of a Poor Sonnet on the River Dee.

HAD I been U,
And in the Q,
As it would have been easy to B,
I'd have let you C,
Whilst sipping my T,
Far better lines on the river D.



On hearing a Frenchman say that, as they could now make Sugar from Beetroot, they could do without the West India Colonies.

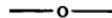
"I'VE a substitute found," says the Frenchman;
"No more of your sugar will I taste the sweet."
"Never mind," says John Bull, "whilst we use the cane,
You're welcome enough to get beet."

SO saith the simile : We mortal people,
Are like the bells that hang within a steeple,
Where one poor solitary, single bell,
Working alone, prolongs a dismal knell ;
But, altogether, with one common zeal,
Join merrily enough to ring a peal.

BYRON.

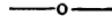
*On Mr. T. Hughes's Racing and Betting Act.*

TOM'S Book, Tom's Bill, have equal luck
Thus far : both leave true men Tom's debtors.
His Book has bettered native pluck,
His Bill would fain pluck native betters.
But, O Tom Hughes, results we dread ;
Good Acts oft find the House unheeding :
Your Book may twenty times be read,
Your Bill won't reach a second reading.



“ **I** WANT to seal a letter, Dick,
Some *wax* pray give to me.”
“ I haven't got a single stick,
Or *whacks* I'd give to thee.”

J. S.

*On a Mirror.*

IF thoughtfully on me you gaze,
A lesson you'll detect ;
Imitate me in all your ways,
On everything *reflect*.

J. S.

*On the Announcement that a Musical Bed would
be sent to the Great Exhibition of 1851.*

TO the Great Exhibition next year, it is said,
Will be sent for inspection a musical bed,
That will play as upon it you lie.
From this it would seem to be fixed by the fates
Every Christmas henceforth to dispense with the waits,
Your own *weights* will the music supply.

J. S. (1850).

—o—

Oxford News.

(Vide *Times*, 28th Feb., 1863.)

"The following gentlemen have been selected by their respective societies to serve the office of Proctor for the ensuing year—Rev. W. Chambers, M.A., Worcester College; Rev. G. Kitchen, M.A., Christchurch."

AT Oxford they give you food for the mind
And food for the body,—as needful a matter;
The former in "Chambers" of Worcester you'll find,
The "Kitchen" of Christchurch excels in the latter.

J. S.

—o—

*On the Marriage of Captain Munday to
Miss Noon.*

THAT her condition's changed
I think to show you soon,
For on the day that she was wed
She was *Monday after Noon*.

B. S.

On the occasion of a Ball being given at the Guildhall for the Benefit of the Polish Refugees.

THE Kentish men their hops to rear
Have poles to serve as props ;
But at Guildhall we find the Poles
Will be sustained by hops.

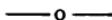
—o—

To Mrs. Thrale on her completing her Thirty-fifth Year.

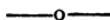
OFT in danger, yet alive,
We are come to thirty-five ;
Long may better years arrive,
Better years than thirty-five.
Could philosophers contrive
Life to stop at thirty-five,
Time his hours should never drive
O'er the bounds of thirty-five.
High to soar, and deep to drive,
Nature gives at thirty-five.
Ladies, stock and tend your hive,
Trifle not at thirty-five ;
For howe'er we boast and strive,
Life declines from thirty-five ;
He that whoever hopes to thrive
Must begin by thirty-five ;
And all who wisely wish to wive
Must look on Thrale at thirty-five.

Description of an Epigram.

A N Epigram should be, if right,
Short, simple, pointed, keen, and bright,—
A lively little thing,
Like wasp, with taper body, bound
By lines—not many, neat and round,
All ending in a sting.

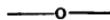


A PORING wight, who, being wed,
Was always reading in his bed,
His wife addressed with gentle look,
And said, "I wish I were a book."
"Why so, good dame?" the sage replied.
"Because you'd love me then," she cried.
"Why, that might be," he straight rejoined;
"But 'twould depend upon the kind—
An almanack, for instance, dear;
To have a new one every year."



Written on a Glass, by a gentleman who Borrowed the Earl of Chesterfield's Diamond Pencil.

A CCEPT a miracle, instead of wit,
See two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil writ.



W HERE many leaves of words abound
Much fruit of sense is seldom found.

YOU wish me "A Happy New Year" as a toast,
And a hearty good wish it appears ;
But when you perceive I'm as deaf as a post,
You should wish me *two* happy new ears.

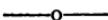
SIR JOHN BURGOYNE.



On the Art Unions.

THAT picture-raffles will conduce to nourish
Designs, or cause good colouring to flourish,
Admits of logic-chopping and wise sawing,
But surely lotteries encourage drawing.

TOM HOOD.



Proxies.

"BY proxy I pray, and by proxy I vote,"
A graceless peer said to a churchman of note ;
Who answer'd, "My Lord, then I'll venture to say,
You'll to heaven ascend in a similar way."



On a Shadow.

THE sun now clear, serene the golden skies,
Where'er you go, as fast the shadow flies ;
A cloud succeeds—the sunshine now is o'er—
The fleeting phantom, fled, is seen no more.
With your bright days its progress too does end :
See here, vain man ! the picture of your friend.

On Mr. Griffith, Landlord of the Angel Hotel at Oxford, changing its name after the visit of Queen Adelaide.

WHEN classic Oxford's ancient towers
By Adelaide were seen,
Proudly her loyal host exchanged
His *Angel* for a *Queen*.

Virtue or faith, when time is o'er,
The bright reverse shall prove :
The *Queen* an *Angel* shall be found
Among the blest above.



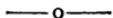
Long and Short Life.

CIRCLES are praised not that abound
In largeness, but exactly round ;
So life we praise that does excel
Not much in time, but acting well.



Reciprocity.

MAN and money a mutual friendship show :
Man makes false money ; money makes man so.



Plain Dealing.

MY verses oft displease you—what's the matter ?
You love not well the truth, nor I to flatter.

SIR J. HARRINGTON.

On Christ's first Miracle; turning Water into Wine.

THE modest water, awed by power Divine,
Beheld its God, and blush'd itself to wine.

*A Hint to Gamesters.*

ACCEPT this advice, you who sit down to play:
The best *throw* of the dice is to throw them away.

*Roman Catholic Confession.*

FATHER asked the priest his boy to bless,
Who forthwith told him first he must confess.
“Well,” quoth the boy, “suppose that I am willing,
What is your charge?” “To you it is a shilling.”
“Must all men pay? and all men make confession?”
“Yes, every one of Catholic profession.”
“And whom do you confess to?” “Why, the dean.”
“And does he charge you?” “Yes, a whole thirteen.”
“And do the deans confess?” “Yes, boy, they do,
Confess to bishops, and pay smartly too.”
“Do bishops, sir, confess? if so, to whom?”
“Why, they confess and pay the pope of Rome.”
“Well,” quoth the boy, “all this is mighty odd.
And does the pope confess?” “Oh yes, to God.”
“And does God charge the pope?” “No,” quoth the
priest;
“God charges nothing.” “Oh, then, God is best:
He is both able to forgive and willing—
To Him I shall confess, and save my shilling.”

On Sir Christopher Wren.

I'VE always considered Sir Christopher Wren,
 As an architect, one of the greatest of men ;
 And talking of epitaphs, much I admire his—
 “*Circumspice, si monumentum requiris;*”
 Which an erudite verger translated to me :
 If you ask for his monument, *Sir-come-spy-see.*

BARHAM.

—o—

On Sir Isaac Newton.

NATURE or Nature's laws lay hid in night :
 God said, “Let Newton be !” and all was light.

POPE.

—o—

*On Dr. Parr's place, as Reader to Queen Caroline,
 being supplied by a gentleman of the name of
 Fellowes.*

THERE 's a difference between
 Dr. Parr and the Queen,
 For the reason you need not go far ;
 The Doctor is jealous
 Of certain little *Fellowes*
 Whom the Queen thinks much above *Parr* !

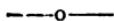
—o—

Road to Poverty.

THE broad highway to poverty and need
 Is, much to build and many mouths to feed.

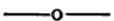
*On Sir John Leach going over from the Opposition
to the Tories.*

THE Leach you've just bought should first have been
tried,
To examine its nature and powers :
You can hardly expect it will stick to your side,
Having fall'n off so lately from ours.



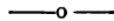
*On Mr. Gully (formerly a prize-fighter) being
returned M.P. for Pontefract.*

STRANGE is it, proud Pontefract's borough should
sully
Its fame by returning to parliament Gully ;
The etymological cause, I suppose, is
His *breaking the bridge* of so many noses.



Woman's Will.

KIND Peggy kiss'd her husband with these words :—
“ Mine own sweet Will, how dearly I love thee.”
“ If true,” quoth Will, “ the world none such affords ;
And that 'tis true, I dare her warrant be ;
For ne'er was woman yet, or good or ill,
But lovèd always best her own sweet Will.



To an Ugly and Talkative Old Maid.

IF you'd be married, first grow young ;
Wear a mask ; and hold your tongue.

On Napoleon's Statue at Boulogne turned with its back to England.

UPON its lofty column's stand
Napoleon takes his place ;
His back still turn'd upon the land
That never saw his face.

—o—

On Farren the Actor.

IF Farren, cleverest of men,
Should go to the right about,
What part of town will he be then ?
Why "Farren-done-without."

—o—

On one Hanged at Newgate.

ONE morn two friends before the Newgate drop,
To see a culprit throttled, chanced to stop.
"Alas!" cried one, as raised in air he spun,
"That miserable wretch's race is run."
"True," cried the other dryly, "to his cost,
The race is run—but by a neck 'tis lost."

PUNCH.

—o—

On hearing of the Marriage of a Fellow of All Souls' College.

SILVIO, so strangely love his mind controls,
Has, for *one single body*, left *All Souls*.

On Homœopathy.

THIS homœopathic system, sir, just suits me to a
title ;
It proves of physic, anyhow, you cannot take too little.
And if it be so good a plan to take a dose so small,
It surely must be better still to take no dose at all.

SOUTHEY.

—o—

A Ready Answer.

SAYS Jack Wilkes to a lady, “ Pray name, if you can,
Of all your acquaintance, the handsomest man.”
The lady replied, “ If you’d have me speak true,
He’s the handsomest man that’s the most unlike you.”

—o—

*A Commercial Traveller having left a Shirt at
an Inn, wrote to the Chambermaid to forward
it to him, when he received the following :—*

I HOPE, dear sir, you’ll not feel hurt,
I’ll frankly tell you all about it :
I’ve made a shift with your old shirt,
And you must make a shift without it.

—o—

*On the Retirement from the Stage of Miss Ellen
Tree.*

YOU bloom and charm us, yet the bosom heaves
When trees of your high standing take their grieves.

The Parson's Precept and Example.

A CORNISH vicar, whilst he preached,
Of patient Job did speak ;
When he came home, found, to his grief,
His cask had sprung a leak.

Enraged—his wife did thus advise,
“Job for a pattern choose.”
But he replied, “Job ne'er had such
A cask of ale to lose.”

—o—

Presents.

A HAMPER I received of wine,
As good, Dick says, as e'er was tasted,
And Dick may be supposed to know,
For he contrived his matters so
As every day with me to dine,
Much longer than the liquor lasted.
If such are presents—while I live,
Oh ! let me not receive but give.

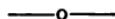
—o—

*The Honourable Mrs. Norton, being applied to
for Aid for the Widow of Tom Hood, sent a
Contribution with these lines :—*

TO cheer the widow in her deep distress,
To make provision for the fatherless,
Is sure a Christian duty, and none should
Resist the strong appeal of widow-hood.

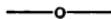
On Michaelmas Day.

FIYE thousand geese this day are doomed to die.
What dreadful havoc 'mongst society !

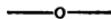
*On the Vowels.*

WE are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features ;
One of us in glass is set ;
One of us you'll find in jet.
'Tother you may see in tin ;
And the fourth a box within.
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

SWIFT.

*Diamond Cut Diamond.*

A YORKSHIREMAN ! and ostler still !
Ere this you might have been,
Had you employed your native skill,
Landlord, and kept the inn."
"Ah, sir !" quoth John, " here 'twill not do,
For, dang it, meyster's Yorkshire too !"



A WIT was asked, "Now that we've railroads made,
What will become of the old coachmen's trade?"
To which he said, " If they'll escape their woe,
They'd better all to Cochin-china go." B. S.

On the Marriage of Ebenezer Sweet, and Jane Lemon.

HOW happily extremes do meet in Jane and Ebenezer ;
She no longer sour, but sweet, and he a lemon-squeezer.

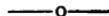


The Universities.

NO wonder that Oxford and Cambridge profound,
In learning and science so greatly abound ;
Since some carry thither a little each day ;
And we meet with so few who bring any away.



“ **A** TONGUE, I've for your supper got,
My dearest Joe,” said Kate.
“ Egad,” cried Joe, “ I'll touch it not ;
I've had my share of late.”



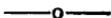
The Connoisseur.

HE long has been a *man of taste* complete ;
Would that he now had something left to *eat* !
A blackleg late, and prisoner, hence I go
In whitewash'd splendour, pure as unsunn'd snow ;
Dissolved my bonds ; dissolved my care and fears ;
My very creditors dissolved—in tears ;
All questions solved ; the Act resolves me free,
Absolved in absolute insolvency.

BARHAM.

Written by the late Dr. Walcott, on being advised by Dr. Geach to drink Ass's Milk, the latter declaring that it had been of great service to himself.

AND, Doctor, do you really think
That ass's milk I ought to drink?
'Twould quite remove my cough, you say,
And drive all old complaints away.
It cured yourself—I grant that's true;
But then 'twas mother's milk to you.



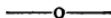
Reason why Wales has no Poet.

TIS said, O Cambria, thou hast tried in vain,
To form great poets, and the cause is plain;
Ap-Jones, Ap-Jenkins, and Ap-Evans abound
Among thy sons, but no Ap-ollos found.



The Poor Curate.

FOR the Rector, in vain, through the parish you'll
search;
But the Curate you'll find *living hard* by the church.



The Fool or Knave.

HY praise or dispraise is to me alike;
One doth not stroke me, nor the other strike.

BEN JONSON.

On a Sailor who was Thrown on the Neck of his Horse.

PECTATOR, cease from cruel glee,
From taunting jests refrain.
Sure 'tis no wondrous thing to see
A sailor on the *mane*!



An Elderly Gentleman of the name of Page, having sent a Pair of Gloves to a Young Lady with the following lines:—

I F from the word *Glove*,
You take the letter *G*,
Then *Glove* is *love*;
And that I send to thee.

To which she replied,

If from the word *Page*,
You take the letter *P*,
Then *Page* is *age*,
And that won't do for me.

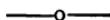


On the occasion of heavy Damages being Awarded for a Breach of Promise of Marriage, brought by a Miss Briers against a Mr. Woolley.

T HIS case, dear sirs, a useful hint inspires,
That nought that's *Woolley* should contend with
Briers.

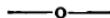
The Jewess and her Son.

POOR Mistress Levi had a luckless son,
Who, wishing to obtain the foremost seat,
In imitation of the ambitious great,
High from the gallery, ere the play begun,
He fell all plump into the pit,
Dead in a minute as a nit.
In short, he broke his pretty Hebrew neck,
Indeed, and very dreadful was the wreck.
His mother was distracted, raving, wild ;
Shrieked, tore her hair, embraced and kissed her child.
Soon as the shower of tears had somewhat passed,
And moderately calm the hysterick blast,
She thus the playhouse manager addressed :
“Sir, I’m the mother of that poor dear lad,
Who meet misfortunes here so bad.
Sir, I must have the shilling back, you know,
As Moses have not seen the show.”

*On Miss M. Tree, the Singer.*

ON this tree, when a nightingale settles and sings,
The Tree will return her as good as she brings.

LUTTRELL.

*On a New-born Babe.*

ON parent knees, a naked new-born child
Weeping thou sat’st, while all around thee smiled ;
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may’st smile, while all around thee weep.

On being Locked in in Kensington Gardens.

FROM Paradise Adam and Eve were shut out,
As a punishment due to their sin :
But here after nine, should you loiter about,
For your punishment you'll be shut in.

Charity.

IT is the duty of a man
To bless his greatest foe,
And shield the arm that late was raised
To work his direst woe.

Just so, the scented sandal-tree,
In all its pride and bloom,
Sheds on the axe, that lays it low,
A sweet and rich perfume.

Typographical Wit.

“ **H**O ! Tommy,” bawls Typo to a brother in trade ;
“ The Ministry are to be *changed*, it is said.”
“ That's good,” replied Tom ; “ but it better would be,
With a trifling erratum.” “ What ? ” “ Dele the c.”

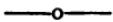
On the Latin Gerunds.

WHEN Dido found Aeneas would not come,
She wept in silence, and was Di-do-dum.
PORSON.

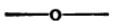
On some Handsomely Bound Books.

THROUGH and through the inspired leaves,
Ye maggots, make your windings ;
But oh ! respect his lordship's taste,
And spare his golden bindings.

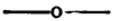
BURNS.

*On Twining, the Teaman.*

IT seems as if nature had curiously planned,
That men's names with their trades should agree ;
There's Twining, the teaman, who lives in the Strand,
Would be whining if deprived of his T.

*On Bishop Goodenough Preaching before the House of Lords.*

TIS well enough that Goodenough,
Before the House should preach ;
For sure enough, full sad enough,
Were those he had to teach.

*On Bloomfield, the Poet.*

BLOOMFIELD, thy happy omened name
Ensures continuance to thy fame ;
Both sense and truth this verdict give,
Whilst *fields* shall bloom thy name shall live.

KIRKE WHITE.

The Vicar and the Curate.

A VICAR, long ill, who had treasured up wealth,
Told his Curate each Sunday to pray for his
health ;
Which oft having done, a parishioner said,
“ That the curate ought rather to wish he were *dead*. ”
“ By my truth,” says the curate, “ let credit be given,
I ne’er prayed for his death, but I have for his living.”

Written on a Looking-glass.

I CHANGE, and so do women too ;
But I reflect, which women never do.

The Churchyard and Archdeacon Hale.

THE intramural churchyard’s reeking pale
Breathes health around it, says a reverend party ;
But though the spot may keep a parson Hale,
Can people who inhale its fumes be hearty ?

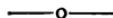
PUNCH.

The most fashionable Diner.

THE gentleman who dines the latest,
Is in our street esteemed the greatest ;
But surely greater than them all
Is he who never dines at all.

On a Bald Head.

M Y hair and I are quits, d'ye see ?
I first cut *it*, it now *cuts* me.

*Sent to a Friend on receiving a brace of Woodcocks.*

M Y thanks I'll no longer delay,
For birds which you've shot with such skill ;
But, though there was nothing to pay,
Yet each of them *brought* in a bill.

I mean not, my friend, to complain,
The matter was perfectly right ;
And when *bills* such as these come again,
I'll always accept them at sight.

*The Wish.*

M AY I through life's uncertain tide
Be still from pain exempt ;
May all my wants be still supplied,
My state too low to' admit of pride,
And yet above contempt.

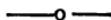
But should your providence Divine
A greater bliss intend,
May all these blessings you design,
If e'er those blessings shall be mine,
Be centred in a friend.

MERRICK.

The Superiority of Machinery.

A MECHANIC his labour will often discard,
 If the rate of his pay he dislikes ;
 But a clock (and its case is uncommonly hard)
 Will continue to work though it *strikes*.

TOM HOOD.

*On Oxford Fees.*

WHEN "Alma Mater" her kind heart enlarges,
 Charges her graduates, graduates her charges,
 What safer rule could guide the' accountant's pen,
 Than that of doubling fees for Dublin men ?

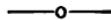
REV. H. L. MANSELL.

*Gratitude.*

IF Ben to Charles a legacy has given,
 The grateful Charles now wishes him in heaven.



TWO goddesses now must Cypress adore ;
 The Muses are ten, the Graces are four :
 Stella's wit is so charming, so sweet her fair face,
 She shines a new Venus, a Muse, and a Grace.



THAT thou may'st injure no one, dove-like be,
 And serpent-like, that none may injure thee.

The Four Ages of Woman.

(From the French.)

IN infancy a tender flower ;
Cultivate her :

A floating bark in girlhood's hour ;
Softly freight her :

A fruitful vine when grown a lass ;
Prune and please her :

Old, she 's a heavy charge at last ;
Support and ease her.

Addison.

HE from the taste obscure reclaims our youth,
And sets the passions on the side of truth ;
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each virtue in the human heart.

POPE.

EVER your credit keep ! 't is quickly gone ;
Though gained by many actions, lost by one !

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

On a Man becoming suddenly Bald.

ALL the hairs of Tom's head have quite left it off
late !
Yes ! they wisely withdrew from so foolish a pate !

On Milton's Wife.

WHEN Milton was blind, as all the world knows,
He married a wife whom his friend called a
rose :
“ I am no judge of flowers ; but, indeed,” cried the
poet,
“ If she be a rose, by the thorns I may know it ! ”

A Wedding Anniversary.

KEEPING Tom’s wedding-day, his friends
Boozed till their brains were fairly addled ;
They drank his *bridal*-day : Tom sighed,
“ The very day that I was saddled ! ”

On Woman’s Will.

THAT ‘man’s a fool who tries by force or skill
To stem the torrent of a woman’s will ;
For if she will she will, you may depend on ‘t,
And if she won’t she won’t, and there’s an end on ‘t.

Q UOTH Doctor Squill, of Ponder’s End,—
“ Of all the patients I attend,
Whate’er their aches or ails,
None ever will my fame attack.”
“ None ever can ! ” retorted Jack ;
“ For dead men tell no tales ! ”

On the Queen's Visit to Walmer Castle.

'TWAS thought the Queen would this year go
To Brighton, as she did the former ;
She changed her mind because we know
Brighton is cold, the Duke's is Walmer.

—o—
I SEND thee myrrh—not that thou mayest be
By it perfumed, but it perfumed by thee.

Paganini.

WHOO are they who spend three guineas
To hear a tune of Paganini's ?
Echo, "A pack of ninnies."

—o—
*By one who was Blamed for having stayed
too long at an Evening Party.*

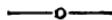
TOO late I stayed—forgive the crime ;
Unheeded flew the hours :
How noiseless falls the foot of time,
That only treads on flowers !

What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of the glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks,
Which dazzle as they pass ?

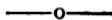
Oh ! who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of Paradise have lent
Their plumage to his wings ?

Inscription for an Inkstand.

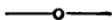
USE this with caution, and avoid some pain :
Words spoken vanish ; written they remain.

*On the Performance of a New Tragedy at Drury Lane, entitled "William Tell."*

YOU tell us "William Tell" succeeded. It is well ;
If you tell truly, then "Will Tell" will tell.

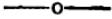
*Lines Addressed to Tom Hood.*

WITS may now lay aside their pens,
Their sallies bring no good ;
Till thou art dead they cannot hope
To win a lively hood.



FLY to my mistress, pretty pilfering bee,
And say thou bring'st this honey bag from me ;
When on her lips thou hast this sweet dew placed,
Mark if her tongue but slily steals a taste.
If so we live ; if not, with mournful hum
Toll forth my death ; next to my burial come.

HERRICK.

*Critics.*

THE skill of some critics surpasses belief,
They can *cut* up a book, without cutting a leaf.

Hue and Cry.

THE paint is on her cheek,
The tear is in her eye;
What does such grief bespeak ?
Lost Beauty's *Hue and Cry.*



"WHY should all girls," a wit exclaimed,
"Surprising farmers be?"
"Because they're always studying
The art of *husband-ry.*"



S AID Alice to Colin, "Although we must part,
True love, in thy likeness, is graved on my heart."
Said Colin to Alice, "In truth, then, I own,
"I've seen some good prints from engraving *on stone.*"



P HILOSOPHERS, I'm told, agree
That there no vacuum can be ;
But with a heart that's aching,
As ruefully I oft survey
My empty pockets every day,
I fear they are mistaken.



"I WOULD," said Fox, "a tax devise
That shall not fall on me ;"
"Then tax receipts," Lord North replies,
"For those you never see."

SHERIDAN.

On a Tailor being nearly Drowned whilst Skating.

BILLY SNIP went to skate, where the ice being loose,

He fell in, but was saved by good luck ;
Cries the tailor, "I'll never more leave *my hot goose*
To receive, in return, a cold duck."



Inscription on a Gaming House.

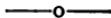
(From the French.)

WHO come to this abode of sin,
Three gates—Hope, Shame, and Death—pass through ;
'Tis by the first they enter in,
To leave it by the other two.



To a Quill Pen.

THOU hast been wanton, therefore it is meet
Thou shouldst do penance—do it in a *sheet*.



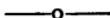
Lines on the Marriage of a Mr. Payne.

THAT Payne should wed a lady gay,
And think he has secured a treasure,
Proves truly what the poets say,
That *pain* is close allied to pleasure.

Phryne.

THY flattering picture, Phryne, is like to thee
Only in this : that you both painted be.

DR. J. DONNE.



On a Doctor observing that he had lost three Patients during an absence from home.

HE kills three patients while from home away,
A clever doctor this same man, I wot ;
If absent thus his patients he can slay,
How he must kill them when he's on the spot !

*On Liberty.*

WOULD you be free? 'Tis your chief wish, you
say :
Come on ; I'll show thee, friend, the certain way.
If to no feasts abroad thou lov'st to go,
Whilst bounteous God does bread at home bestow ;
If thou the goodness of thy clothes dost prize
By thine own use, and not by others' eyes ;
If (only safe from weathers) thou canst dwell
In a small house, but a convenient shell ;
If thou, without a sigh, or golden wish,
Canst look upon thy beechen bowl and dish ;
If in thy mind such power and greatness be,
The Persian King's a slave compared with thee.

MARTIAL.

On a Caricature, in which three Westminster Boys appear placed in a pair of scales, outweighing an equal number of Etonians.

WHAT mean ye by this print so rare,
Ye wits, of Eton jealous ;
But that we soar aloft in air,
While ye are heavy fellows ?

CANNING.

Reply to the same.

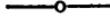
EASE, ye Etonians ! and no more
With rival wits contend ;
Feathers, we know, will float in air,
And bubbles will ascend.

THEODORE HOOK.



HAST thou seen, with flash incessant,
Bubbles gliding under ice,
Bodied forth and evanescent,
No one knows by what device ?
Such are thoughts—a wind-swept meadow,
Mimicking a troubled sea ;
Such is life—and death a shadow
From the rock Eternity.

WORDSWORTH.



THOU eyest the stars, my Star ? That mine might be
Yon host of starry eyes to bend on thee !

PLATO.

Apology for Knocking a Printer's Teeth out.

I MUST confess that I was somewhat warm !
I broke his teeth; but where's the mighty harm ?
My works, he said, would not afford him meat ;
And teeth are useless where there's nought to eat.

SHERIDAN.

*On a Dispute between Dr. Radcliffe and Sir Godfrey Kneller.*

SIR Godfrey and Radcliffe had one common way
Into one common garden, and each had a key.
Quoth Kneller, "I'll certainly stop up that door,
If ever I find it unlocked any more."
"Your threats," replied Radcliffe, "disturb not my
ease ;
And so you don't *paint* it, e'en do what you please."
"You're smart," rejoins Kneller, "but say what you
will,
I'll *take* anything from you—but potion or pill."

*The Empty Gun.*

A S Dick and Tom in fierce dispute engage,
And, face to face, the noisy contest wage,
"Don't *cock* your chin at me," Dick smartly cries.
"Fear not ; his head 's not charged," a friend replies.

To a Lady who kept her Five Pound Notes in her Bible.

YOUR Bible, madam, teems with wealth,
 Within the leaves it floats ;
 Delightful is the sacred text,
 But heavenly are the notes.



A SCHOLAR having bought a horse,
 To name him did proceed ;
 And Graphy was the name, of course,
 Which you shall learn who read.
 It's Bio-graphy when he's bought ;
 It's Topo-graphy when he's mounted ;
 It's Geo-graphy when he ought
 To start ; and thus the name's recounted.

B. S.



Old Mr. Gould wrote to a Friend on his Marriage, thus :—

S O you see, my dear sir, though I'm eighty years old,
 A girl of eighteen is in love with old Gould.

To which his Friend sent this Reply :—

A GIRL of eighteen may love gold, it is true ;
 But believe me, dear sir, it is gould without " u."

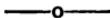
On Mr. Robert Lowe's proposed Tax on Lucifer Matches.

"FIAT Lux"—dixit Deus
(Beata est vox);
"Fiat Tax"—dixit Robertus,
"A 'alfpenny a box."
Pall Mall Gazette.

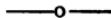


On seeing the words "Domus Ultima" inscribed on the Vault belonging to the Dukes of Richmond, in Chichester Cathedral.

DID he who thus inscribed the wall
Not read or not believe St. Paul,
Who says there is, where'er it stands,
Another house, not made with hands?
Or may we gather from these words
That house is not a House of Lords?



AS bees on flowers disporting cease to hum;
So, settling in good places, men grow dumb.



WHENCE comes it, that, in Clara's face,
The lily only has a place?
Is it, that the absent rose
Is gone to paint her husband's nose?

To a Swallow building on a Statue of Medea.

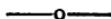
BUILD not, fond Swallow, on that breast of stone ;
Will she preserve thy brood who slew her own ?



On Her Majesty's Visit to the City, on the occasion of Opening the Royal Exchange.

WE'VE heard of comets—blazing things—
With “fear of change” perplexing kings ;
But lo ! a novel sight and strange !
A queen who does not fear a *change* !

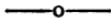
TOM HOOD.



On Mr. Milton, the Livery-Stable Keeper.

TWO Miltons in separate ages were born ;
The cleverer Milton 't is clear we have got :
Though the other had talents the world to adorn,
This lives by his *mews*, which the other could not.

THEODORE HOOK.



Optical Delusions.

TOM runs from his wife : to get rid of his trouble,
He drinks, and he drinks, till he sees all things
double ;
But when he has ceased the dire potions to mingle,
Oh, what would he give to see himself *single* !

Lines on Lines.

CURVED is the line of beauty,
Straight is the line of duty ;
Walk by the last, and thou shalt see
The former always follow thee.

*On a Miser. Imitated from the Greek.*

A MISER, traversing his house,
Espied, unusual there, a mouse.
And thus his uninvited guest
Briskly inquisitive addressed :
“ Tell me, my dear, to what cause is it
I owe this unexpected visit ? ”
The mouse her host obliquely eyed,
And smiling, pleasantly, replied ;
“ Fear not, good fellow, for your hoard !
I came to lodge, and not to board.”

COWPER.



IN matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch
Is in granting too little and asking too much !

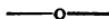
CANNING.

*On Enclosing Commons.*

IT is a sin in man or woman
To steal a goose from off the common ;
But who can plead that man’s excuse,
Who’d steal the common from the goose ?

On a certain Poet.

THY verses are *eternal*, O my friend,
For he that reads them, reads them *to no end*.

*On Dido.*

POOR queen! twice doomed disastrous love to try ;
You fly the dying ; for the flying die.

*For Love.*

TO love—to live—just the same meaning bear ;
For he that loves not has of life no share :
Therefore a comfort Heaven ordained for man,
Knowing all blessings had been else in vain.

*Against Love.*

TO love—to perish—the same meaning have :
Had man ne'er loved, he ne'er had been a slave.
When Heaven forbade the tree of knowledge first,
Not forming woman, man had ne'er been curst.

*On Lady Essex, who was a Dutchwoman.*

THE bravest hero, and the brightest dame,
From Belgium's happy clime Britannia drew.
One pregnant cloud we find does often frame
The awful thunder and the gentle dew.

What is Thought?

THE hermit's solace in his cell ;
The fire that warms the poet's brain ;
The lover's heaven, or his hell ;
The madman's sport ; the wise man's pain.

*On Ben Jonson's Bust in Westminster Abbey
with the buttons on the wrong side.*

RARE Ben Jonson ! what ! a turncoat grown !
Thou ne'er wert such, till thou wert clad in
stone.
When time thy coat, thy only coat, impairs,
Thou 'lt find a patron in a hundred years :
Then let not this mistake disturb thy sprite,
Another age shall set thy buttons right !

REV. MR. WESTLEY.



PAUL so fond of the name of a poet is grown,
With gold he buys verses, and calls 'em his own.
Go on, Master Paul, nor mind what the world says :
They are surely his own for which a man pays !

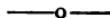
MARTIAL.



BY hidden springs man's smallest actions move,
Wound up by an unerring Hand above :
Why say you, then, that this or that's amiss,
Since nothing could be *better* than what *is* ?

Upon one Stealing a Pound of Candles.

LIIGHT-FINGERED Jack, to keep his hands in use,
Stole anything,—of this you may be sure,
That he thinks all his own which once he handles ;—
For practice' sake did steal a pound of candles ;
Was taken in the act. O foolish wight,
To steal such things as needs must come to *light*!

*The Antiquary.*

IF in his study he hath so much care
To hang all old things, let his wife beware !

DR. J. DONNE.

*Disinherited.*

THY father all from thee, by his last will,
Gave to the poor : thou hast good title still.

DR. J. DONNE.



MENODITIS'S portrait here is kept,
Most odd it is :
How very like to all the world, except
Menoditis.

LEONIDAS.



ALL mortal things from mortals glide,
And they from all that doth abide.

LUCIAN.

The Traveller and his Gorilla.

THE gift by nature's boon supplied
 This pair unequally divide :
 The traveller's tale is far from small,
 The monkey has no tail at all.

R. GARNETT.
—o—*Our Undertaker.*

OUR undertaker with his acid phiz,
 A grim, austere, sardonic fellow is ;
 And, save for business' sake, was never heard
 By any mortal man to speak a word.
 Yet Bacchus, Venus, and the Graces three,
 Have no such potent advocate as he.

R. GARNETT.
—o—

THE nobles of a great imperial court,
 Aggrieved that mortals of inferior sort
 In rides and drives should on them throng and press,
 Appealed unto the Emperor for redress.
 “Let each ride with his equals;”—thus they prayed,
 Propounding how this rule might be obeyed,
 By a nice plan, already cut and dried.
 “One thing have you forgotten to provide,”
 The monarch said :—“With whom am I to ride ?”

R. GARNETT.
—o—

FORTUNE advanced thee, that all might aver,
 That nothing is impossible to her.

On Waller.

VARIOUS his subjects, yet they jointly warm,
 All spirit, life, and every line a charm ;
 Correct throughout ; so exquisitely penned,
 What he had finished, no one else could mend.

*On the Indulgences of Rome.*

IF without gold salvation can't be bought,
 How curs'd the wretch who is not worth a groat !
 But if Christ's death has purchased for us peace,
 Rejoice, ye poor, and let your miseries cease.



THEY say that thou dost tinge (O monstrous lie !)
 The hair that thou so raven-black didst buy.
 LUCILLIUS.



APATIENT, sick to death, and very sad,
 A comforter in his physician had.
 "Your liver's wrong I grant you, but your heart
 Is sound, and that's the nobler part."

R. GARNETT.



DID Celia's person and her mind agree,
 What mortal could behold her and be free ?
 But nature has, in pity to mankind,
 Enriched the image, and defaced the mind.

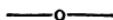
On Sir Isaac Newton.

NEWTON'S no more—by silence grief's expressed ;
Lo ! here he lies !—his works proclaim the rest.



LIFE is a shadow—not the shade
Of aught that stable may be made ;
But of a bird that wings the skies,
And with its flight the shadow flies.

THE TALMUD.



MY readers and my hearers like my books ;
But a quaint poet says they're not done clear :
I care not much for pleasing of the cooks,
If that my guests affect my slender cheer.

MARTIAL.

*On a Frog wrought in a Silver Cup.*

VIEW in me, exiled from my native bog,
That rare phenomenon, a silent frog ;
Nor leap I now, but here contented cling,
The silver tenant of a ruby spring ;
Bacchus o'er me his potent flood doth pour,
Yet am I sober as I was before.
He who embossed me here, designed, I think,
A precept to teetotallers to drink ;
Showing the cup may well consistent be
With peace, politeness, and sobriety.

RICHARD GARNETT.

On a Miser at a Concert.

“MUSIC has charms to soothe a savage breast,”
To calm the tyrant, and relieve the opprest ;
But Vauxhall’s concerts’ more attractive power
Unlocked Sir Richard’s pocket at threescore.
Oh strange effect of Music’s matchless force,
To extract two shillings from a miser’s purse !



IN merry Old England it once was a rule,
The King had his poet, and also his fool :
But now we’re so frugal, I’d have you to know it,
That Cibber can serve both for fool and for poet.

*Chatsworth.*

WHEN Scotland’s Queen, her native realms expelled,
In ancient Chatsworth was a captive held,
Had then the pile to its new charms arrived,
Happier the captive, than the queen, had lived !
What sighs in pity of her state could rise,
That found the fugitive in Paradise ?



SIMPLICITY is best, 'tis true,
But not in every mortal's power :
If thou, O maid, canst live on dew,
'T is proof thou art indeed a flower !

R. GARNETT.

SHE buys her hair, and from that fact alone
 'Tis evident that it must be her own.

MARTIAL.

—o—
ALATE regulation requires no stain
 Taint the blood of the gentlemen pensioners'
 train ;
 This honour, I doubt, then will fall to the ground ;
 For who, sprung from Adam, untainted is found ?

—o—
WHEN V and I together meet,
 We make up six in house or street ;
 Yet I and V may meet once more,
 And then we two can make but four ;
 But when that V from I are gone,
 Alas ! poor I can make but one.

—o—
 “**N**OT a day more than thirty, dear sir, on my
 truth,”
 Said a lady to one who commended her youth ;
 “By my troth,” cries a wag, “that must surely be true,
 For these ten years she’s told me the same she tells you.”

—o—
JOHN ran so long and ran so fast
 That he ran out his all at last ;
 He ran in debt, and then, to pay,
 Took to his heels and ran away.

(One of the Prize Epigrams. Cambridge, 1824.)

THE fields in spring were blossoming with poets and
with flowers,
And silver streams and golden dreams were babbling in
the bowers,
When Daphnis lay at close of day within a shady
hollow,
And filled the air with smoke and prayer, in honour of
Apollo.
“ Far-darting King of pipe and string —while such a host
of suits
Are made to thee, unceasingly, for laurels and for lutes,—
While far and wide, on every side, from Bond Street to
the Fleet,
Some rhyme for praise, and some for bays, and multi-
tudes for meat ;—
While verse and prose our feet inclose, whatever scene
we search,
In feast, and fair, and market square, in Parliament, and
church ;
While Paphian smiles, and Cupid’s wiles, fill all our ears
with vanity,
And rosy chains, and pleasing pains, and fiddles and
insanity,—
By what new art shall Daphnis start from out the herd of
fools ?
What wreath or name shall Daphnis claim unheard of in
the schools ?
What shall I leave that fame may weave a garland all
my own ?”
“ Leave !” said the god, with fragrant nod,—“ Why,
leave it all alone !”

PRAED.

On the Paris Loan.

THE Paris cits, a patriotic band,
Advance their cash on British freehold land.
But let the speculating rogues beware—
They've bought the *skin*, but who's to kill the *bear*?
FRERE.

The Retort Courteous.

UPON some hasty errand Tom was sent,
And met his parish curate as he went ;
But just like what he was, a sorry clown,
It seems he passed him with a covered crown.
The gownsman stopped, and turning, sternly said—
“ I doubt, my lad, you're far worse taught than fed ! ”
“ Why, aye,” says Tom, still jogging on, “ that's true :
“ Thank God ! He feeds me, but I'm taught by you.”

O STRANGER ! if Anacreon's shell
Has ever taught thy heart to swell
With passion's throb or pleasure's sigh,
In pity turn, as wand'ring nigh,
And drop thy goblet's richest tear
In tenderest libation here !
So shall my sleeping ashes thrill
With visions of enjoyment still.
Not e'en in death can I resign
The festal joys that once were mine.

TOM MOORE.

The Concert.

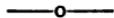
SAY, wilt thou warble to thy double flute,
And make its melody thy music suit ?
Then by the nymphs I swear, I'll snatch the quill,
And on the rural lyre essay my skill.
The herdsman, Daphnis, on his reed shall play,
Whose sprightly numbers make the shepherds gay.
Fast by yon rugged oak our stand we'll keep,
And rob the Arcadian deity of sleep.

Translation of Theocitus, by FAWKES.

*On Venice.*

AS Neptune saw, with fond delighted eyes,
From Adria's waves his favourite Venice rise,
A length extended o'er the liquid plain,
And sit the sovereign of the subject main,—
“Now, vanquish'd Jove” (the god exulting cried),
Extol no more thy Rome's imperial pride ;
View but this lovely empress of the sea,
Her floating towers and palaces survey ;
As well may Tiber with his ocean vie,
Or mortal builders emulate the sky.”

Translation from Sannazarri, by BOYSE.



NONE without hope e'er lov'd the brightest fair ;
But love can hope where reason would despair.

LYTTLETON.

On Company.

I NE'ER can think his conversation good,
Who o'er the bottle talks of wars and blood ;
But his whose wit the pleasing talk refines,
And lovely Venus with the Graces joins.

Translation of Anacreon, by FAWKES.

*Translation from Boileau.*

PERRAULT, I hear, proclaims it everywhere
I owe my life to his quack-uncle's care :
To show how well he can invent a lie,
There needs no proof—for all his patients die !



I LOVED : who not ? I drank : who doth not know
Wine's joys ? I raved : the gods would have it so.
But love and wine, adieu ; for now my tress
Whitens with gaiety's hoar monitress.
'Twas well to sport, and well it is to see
When gravity befits, and grave to be.

(From the Greek.)

*On Mr. Churchill's Death.*

SAYS Tom to Richard, "Churchill's dead ;"
Says Richard, "Tom, you lie ;
Old Rancour the report hath spread,
But Genius cannot die."

CUNNINGHAM.

A MEMBER of the modern great
 Passed Sawney with his budget ;
 The peer was in a car of state,
 The tinker forced to trudge it.
 But Sawney shall receive the praise
 His lordship would parade for ;
 One's debtor for his dapple greys,
 And t'other's shoes are paid for.

CUNNINGHAM.

—o—

On an Amorous Old Man.

S TILL hovering round the fair at sixty-four,
 Unfit to love, unable to give o'er;
 A flesh-fly that just flutters on the wing,
 Awake to fly and buz, but not to sting ;
 Brisk when he cannot, backward when he can,
 The teasing ghost of the departed man.

MALLET.

—o—

The Thriving Tradesmen.

W HEN a couple of broom-men had chatted one day
 On a number of things in a sociable way,
 A new subject they started : says Jack, " My friend Joe,
 I have long been most plaguedly puzzled to know
 How you manage to sell your brooms cheaper than mine
 As I steal the materials." " I like your design,"
 Replied Jack, " but improvement's the soul of a trade ;
 All the brooms I dispose of I steal ready-made."

On an Inanimate Actress.

THOU hast a score of parts not good,
But two divinely shown :
Thy Daphne a true piece of wood,
Thy Niobe a stone.

PALLADAS.



RIES Sylvia to a reverend Dean,
“What reason can be given,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That there are none in heaven ?”

“There are no women,” he replied ;
She quick returns the jest,—
“Women there are, but I’m afraid
They cannot find a priest.”

DODSLEY.

*True Wit.*

TRUE wit is like the brilliant stone
Dug from the Indian mine,
Which boasts two different powers in one,
To cut as well as shine.
Genius, like that, if polished right,
With the same gifts abounds,—
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles while it wounds.

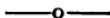
A Little Tale.

A T a tavern one night,
Messieurs More, Strange, and Wright
Met to drink, and get thoughts to exchange :
Says More, "Of us three,
The whole town will agree,
There is only one knave, and that's Strange."
"Yes," said Strange (rather sore),
"I am sure there's one More,
A most terrible knave, and a bite ;
Who cheated his mother,
His sister and brother,—"
"Oh yes," replied More, "that is Wright."

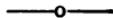
L UCAS, with ragged coat, attends
My lord's *levée*; and, as he bends,
The gaping wounds expose to view
All else beneath as ragged too.
But hark the peer : " My friends, to-day
By great affairs I'm call'd away ;
Attend to-morrow at this hour,
Your suits shall claim my utmost power."
The crowd, retiring, thanks exprest,
Save Lucas, who, behind the rest,
Desponding, loitered ; cries my lord,
" Why, Lucas, do you doubt my word ? "
" No, sire ; 'tis too well understood—
" To-morrow ! " Here his garb he view'd.
" Alas ! my lord, can I be mute ?
To-morrow I shall have no suit."

Giles and his Wife.

SAYS Giles, " My wife and I are two,
Yet faith, I know not why, sir ! "
Quoth Jack, " You're ten ; if I speak true,
She's one, and you're a cipher."

*Do Well; or, Do Better.*

A FATHER with his daughters took occasion
To give a hint upon the married station :
" She who marries certainly doth well ;
But she who never marries must excel ;
'Cause she does better who ne'er weds at all
Than she who does, for trouble will enthrall."
To this his daughter with peculiar grace,
And making up a most enchanting face,
Said, " Your advice is very fine, papa ;
But, dear, what foolish creatures women are
To mind such stuff ; but she that will, pray let her ;
I shall do well, let her who likes do better."

*On Preaching.*

THE specious sermons of a learned man
Are little else but flashes in the pan ;
The mere haranguing upon (what they call)
Morality, is powder without ball.
But he who preaches with a Christian grace
Fires at our vices, and the shot takes place.

Edward not Dead.

"I HEARD last week, friend Edward, thou was dead ;"
"I'm very glad to hear it too," cried Ned.



A LAWYER quits the jarring courts
For rural ease and rural sports ;
Surveys his newly-bought estate,
And, like all those that wealth makes great,
Thus plied an honest farmer's ear :
"Behold what spacious grounds are here ;
Yon park extensive mocks the eye,
Yon house with palaces might vie ;
Rich by industry I have grown,
And all thou seest I call my own."
The clown, who very seldom made
A speech of length, in answer said,
"I fancy, sir, you'd change your tone,
If every one possessed his own."

*Wit in Livery.*

A STINGY lady to her butler said,
"Mind of that table-beer no waste is made ;
And John," said she, "I'm very sure you can
Preserve the beer as well as any man."
A lucky thought popped in the butler's head,
And to his lady thus with humour said :
"Set by its side a barrel of strong beer, —
That will preserve it, madam, never fear."

. Diogenes to Aristippus.

LOYED with ragouts, you scorn my simple food,
And think good eating is man's only good.
I ask no more than temperance can give;
You live to eat : I only eat—to live.

*Inscription over a Chimney-piece.*

TO my best, my friends are free ;
Free with that, and free with me ;
Free to pass the harmless joke,
And the tube sedately smoke ;
Free to drink just what they please,
As at home, and at their ease ;
Free to speak, and free to think,
No informers with me drink ;
Free to stay a night, or so ;
When uneasy, free to go.

*Sue and Will.*

S AID Sue to Will, the other day,
With countenance cast down,—
“I have not now, though once so gay,
A will to call my own.”
“Last night you vowed,” said Will to Sue,
“When all was dark and still,
As long as I proved kind and true,
I was your own dear Will.”

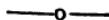
From the Greek.

WHILE on the cliff with calm delight she kneels,
And the blue vales a thousand joys recall,
See ! to the last, last verge her infant steals !
Oh fly ! yet stir not ; speak not, lest it fall.
Far better taught, she lays her bosom bare,
And the fond boy springs back to nestle there.

SAM. ROGERS.



SEE Flavia shine at park or play,
And men of taste their homage pay ;
Nor do I judge in haste :
They toast her beauty,—such the case,
They must (whoe'er admire her face)
For painting have a taste.

*The April Fool.*

"TO-DAY," says Dick, "is April-day,
And, though so mighty wise you be,
A bet, whate'er you like, I'll lay,
Ere night I'll make a fool of thee."
"A fool I may be made, 'tis true ;
But, Dick," cries Tom, "ne'er be afraid ;
No man can make a fool of you,
For you're a fool already made."

On a Woman who fell out with her Husband.

A WOMAN lately fiercely did assail
Her husband with sharp tongue and sharper
nail ;
But one who heard and saw it, to her said :
“ Why do you use him thus ? he is your head.”
“ He is my head, indeed,” says she, ‘tis true ;
Sir, I may scratch my head, and so may you.”

Carving and Gilding.

“ YOURE see,” said our host, as we entered his doors,
“ I have furnished my house à la Louis Quatorze.”
“ Then I wish,” said a guest, “ when you wish us to eat,
You would furnish your board in à la Louis Dix-huit.
The eye cannot feast when the stomach is starving,
Pray less of your gilding, and more of your carving.”

On a Tragedian who turned Dentist.

I KNEW a man in early youth,
So fond his part to play ;
He sought the tragic boards, forsooth,
To strut his hour away.

’Tis passing strange, but yet ’tis true,—
And truth we should revere ;
He now attempts to draw a tooth
Who never drew a tear.

On the Abbey Church at Bath.

THESE walls, so full of monuments and busts,
Show how Bath waters serve to lay the dust.

*The Old Gentry.*

THAT all from Adam first began,
Sure none but Whiston doubts ;
And that his son and his son's son
Were ploughmen, clowns, and louts.

Here lies the only difference now :
Some shot off late, some soon ;
Your sires in the morning left off plough,
And ours in the afternoon.

SWIFT.

*On the occasion of an Election for Common
Councilmen, in the City of London, when Mr.
Wright was returned at the head of the Poll,
and Mr. Vile at the bottom.*

THE men of Portsoken may justly rejoice
At having evinced such a laudable choice :
They have proved to the world that Wright shall
prevail,
Whilst that which is Vile shall as certainly fail.

B. S.

From the Greek.

THEN hungry wolves had trespassed on the fold,
 And the robbed shepherd his sad story told,
 "Call in Alcides," said a crafty priest ;
 "Give him one half, and he'll secure the rest."
 "No," said the shepherd ; "if the Fates decree,
 By ravaging my flock, to ruin me,
 To their commands I willingly resign :
 Power is their character, and patience mine ;
 Though, troth ! there seems but little odds
 Who prove the greatest robbers, wolves or gods."

PRIOR.

—o—

*On observing some Names of Little Note recorded
in the Biographia Britannica.*

O FOND attempt to give a deathless lot
 To names ignoble, born to be forgot !
 In vain recorded in historic page,
 They court the notice of a future age.
 Those twinkling tiny lustres of the land,
 Drop one by one from fame's neglecting hand.
 Lethæan gulfs receive them as they fall,
 And dark oblivion soon absorbs them all.
 So when a child—as playful children use—
 Has burnt to tinder a stale last year's news ;
 The flame extinct, he views the roving fire :
 There goes my lady, and there goes the squire ;
 There goes the parson, O illustrious spark !
 And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk.

COWPER.

On Reading Dr. Trapp's Translation of Virgil.

R EAD the Commandments, friend, translate no further;
For it is written, "Thou shalt do no murder."

*To an Odd Gentleman.*

I N Noah's days, if *you* had lived,
He'd have been puzzled what to do ;
For heaven knows how he'd contrived
To find *two* animals like you.

*On a Bad Singer.*

S WANS sing before they die : 'twere no bad thing
Should certain persons die before they sing.

*On seeing a Pompous Funeral for a Bad Husband.*

"WHY for your spouse this pompous fuss ?
Was he not all his life your curse ?
Did he not tease, and scold, and fight,
And plague you morning, noon, and night ?"

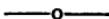
"True, but at length one single action
Made up for each past malefaction."

"Indeed ! what was this action, pray ?"
"Why, sir, it was—he died one day."

The Mother's Choice.

THESE panting damsels, dancing for their lives,
Are only maidens waltzing into wives.
Those smiling matrons are appraisers sly,
Who regulate the dance, the squeeze, the sigh ;
And each base cheapening buyer having chid,
Knock down their daughters to the highest bid !

AUSTEN.

*On Buying a Bible.*

TIS but a folly to rejoice or boast
How small a price thy new-bought purchase cost :
Until thy death thou shalt not fully know
Whether it was a pennyworth or so ;
And at that time, believe me, 'twill appear
Extremely cheap, or else extremely dear.

*A Poser.*

A PEDANT, to perplex a child,
Asked, "Where is God ?" The pupil smiled,
Embarrassed not a jot,
For God's ubiquity he knew ;
So straight replied, "I'll tell, when you
Tell me, where He is not."

The Retort.

"**M**Y head, Tom, 's confused with your nonsense
and bother ;
It goes in at one ear, and out at the other."
"Of that, my friend Dick, I was ever aware ;
For nonsense your head is a pure thoroughfare."



On a vain man, who ordered a vacant space to be left for himself in a Monument erected to the memory of his Wife.

VAINEST of mortals, hadst thou sense or grace,
Thou hadst not left this ostentatious space ;
And given your numerous foes such ample room
To tell posterity upon thy tomb
This well-known truth, by every tongue confessed,
That by this blank thy life is best expressed.

*Future Glory.*

FAITH, Hope, and Love were questioned what
they thought
Of future glory, which religion taught :
Now Faith believed it to be firmly true,
And Hope expected so to find it too.
Love answered, smiling with a conscious glow,
" Believe ! expect ! I know it to be so."

JOHN WESLEY.

This World's Wealth.

THIS world's wealth, which men so much desire,
May well be likened to a burning fire;
Whereof a little can do little harm,
But profit much our bodies well to warm.
But take too much, and surely thou shalt burn ;—
So too much wealth to too much woe doth turn.

—o—

“WHAT ! Master and Mistress *gone out!*”
“Indeed,” replied John, “Sir, 'tis true !”
“I'll wait, and sit down by the fire.”
“You can't, sir, for that's *gone out* too.”

—o—

On an Idiot Boy.

IF innocence may claim a place in heaven,
And little be required for little given,
Thy great Creator has for thee in store
A world of bliss—what can the wise have more ?

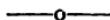
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The Power of Gold.

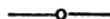
OLD is so ductile, learned chymists say,
That half an ounce will stretch a wondrous way :
The metal's base, or else the chymists err,
For now-a-days our sovereigns won't go far.

On Dr. Johnson's Dictionary.

TALK of war with a Briton, he'll boldly advance
 That one English soldier will beat ten of France.
 Would we alter the boast from the sword to the pen,
 The odds are still greater, still greater our men.
 In the deep mines of science, though Frenchmen may
 toil,
 Can their strength be compared to Locke, Newton, and
 Boyle ?
 Let them rally their heroes, send forth all their powers,
 Their verse-men and prose-men, then match them with
 ours :—
 First Milton and Shakespeare, like gods in the fight,
 Have put their whole dramas and epics to flight.
 In satires, epistles, and odes would they cope,
 Their numbers retreat before Dryden and Pope.
 And Johnson, well armed, like a hero of power,
 Has beat forty French,* and will beat forty more.



THOU speakest always ill of me ;
 I always speak right well of thee ;
 But spite of all our noise and bother,
 The world believes not one nor t'other.



LIE on ! while my revenge shall be
 To speak the very truth of thee.

* The number which constituted the French Academy, who were thirty years in compiling their dictionary.

On a Gentleman who Died the day after his Wife.

SHE first departed ; he for one day tried
To live without her, liked it not, and died.

—o—

LEAVE off thy paint, perfumes, and youthful dress,
And nature's failing honestly confess ;
Double we see those faults, which art would mend,—
Plain downright ugliness would less offend.

—o—

On Life.

THE world is but an open show ;
We come, look round, and then we go.

—o—

OUR bodies are like shoes, which off we cast ;
Physic their cobbler is, and death the last.

—o—

Fortune.

WHEN Fortune seems to smile, 'tis then I fear
Some lurking ill, some hidden mischief near ;
Used to her frowns, I stand upon my guard,
And, armed in virtue, keep my soul prepared.
Fickle or false to others she may be,
I can complain but of her constancy.

LORD LANSDOWNE.

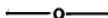
What is Honour?

NOT to be captious, not unjustly fight ;
'Tis to confess what's wrong, and do what's right.

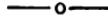
*True Riches.*

(From the Greek.)

THE riches of the mind alone are true ;
All other wealth only more trouble brings :
To him the title of a rich man's due
Who's able to make use of his good things.
But whoso's mind on calculation dwells,
Intent on heaping money upon money,
He, like the bee, adds to the hive new cells,
Out of which others will extract the honey.

*On Rogers's Poem "Italy," which was very
beautifully illustrated.*

OF Rogers's "Italy," Luttrell relates,
'Twould surely be dished, if 'twere not for the
plates.



BOTH man and wife, as bad as bad can be,
I wonder they no better should agree.

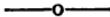
MARTIAL.

On Dr. Lettsom.

IF anybody comes to I,
I physics, bleeds, and sweats 'em ;
If after that they choose to die,
What's that to me !—I Lettsom.



THY nags (the leanest things alive)
So very hard thou lov'st to drive,
I heard thy anxious coachman say,
It costs thee more in whips than hay.



*On the Marriage of a Mr. Thomas to a
Miss Lott.*

SINCE Thomas, who was lately free,
In Hymen's noose hath got,
I wish him joy, and hope he'll be
Contented with his Lott.



The Gay Widow.

HER mourning is all make-believe ;
'Tis plain there's nothing in it ;
With weepers she has tipped her sleeve,
The while she's laughing in it.

On Sir John Hill, who wrote on all subjects, and professed Physic and Botany.

FOR physics and farces his equal there scarce is ;
His farces are physic, his physic a farce is.



Portrait of a Good Wife.

FAITHFUL—as dog, the lonely shepherd's pride ;
True—as the helm, the barque's protecting guide ;
Firm—as the shaft that props the towering dome ;
Sweet—as to shipwrecked seamen land of home ;
Lovely—as child, a parent's sole delight ;
Radiant—as moon that breaks a stormy night ;
Grateful—as streams that, in some deep recess,
With rills unhop'd the panting traveller bless.



On the Plague first showing itself in the Head and Eyes.

UPON the head first, the disease
As a bold Conqueror did seize ;
Began with man's metropolis,
Secured the capital, and then it knew
It could at pleasure weaker parts subdue.
Blood started through each eye :
The redness of that sky
Foretold a tempest nigh.

BISHOP SPRATT.

England.

THIS precious stone, set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall ;
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands ;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm is England.

SHAKESPEARE.

*Miracles not ceased.*

THE prophet Balaam was in wonder lost
To hear his ass speak : asses now talk most.

*The River Thames.*

OH, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme !
Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle, yet not full ;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

DENHAM.

*On Goldsmith's Poem "Retaliation."*

ARE these the choice dishes the Doctor has sent us ?
Is this the great poet whose works so content
us ?

This Goldsmith's fine feast, who has written fine books ?
Heaven sends us good meat, but the devil sends cooks.

GARRICK.

To a beautiful Lady complaining of her size.

NO wonder, madam, you are small :
Rare stuff compose your frame ;
Nature would soon exhaust her all,
If lavish of the same.



SAYS Jackson to Jones, “ I have learnt a new plan :
If I lend any money, I write on my hand.”
“ That’s nothing new,” replied Jones ; by the mass—
As thousands have wrote on the skin of an ass.”



LET high birth triumph, what can be more great ?
Nothing but merit in a low estate.



The following Lines were handed up to a beautiful young Lady who was attending the trial of criminals, at the Assizes, in Surrey.

WHILST petty offences and felonies smart,
Is there no jurisdiction for stealing one’s heart ?
You, fair one, will smile, and cry, “ Laws, I defy you,”
Assured that no peers can be summoned to try you.
But think not that paltry defence will secure ye,
For the Muses and Graces will just make a jury.

On the Bridge at Blenheim.

THE lofty arch his high ambition shows ;
The stream an emblem of his bounty flows.

*An Incident in High Life.*

THE bucks had dined, and deep in council sat ;
Their wine was brilliant, but their wit grew flat.
Up starts his lordship, to the window flies,
And lo ! “ A race ! A race ! ” in rapture cries.
“ Where ? ” quoth Sir John. “ Why, see ! two drops of rain
Start from the summit of the crystal pane ! ”
“ A thousand pounds, which drop with nimblest force
Performs its current down the slippery course ! ”
The bets were fixed ; the dire suspense they wait,
For victory pendent on the nod of fate.
Now down the sash, unconscious of the prize,
The bubbles fell, like pearls from Chloe’s eyes.
But ah ! the glittering joys of life are short ;
How oft two jostling steeds have spoiled the sport !
Lo ! thus attraction, by coercive laws,
The approaching drops into one bubble draws.
Each cursed his fate, that thus their project cross’d.
How hard their lot, who neither won nor lost !



“ THE Latin word for ‘ cold ’ ? ” one asked his friend ;
“ It is,” said he—“ ‘ tis at my fingers’ end.”

*A Country Parson's Answer to a young Lady
who sent him her compliments on the Ten of
Hearts.*

YOUR compliments, dear lady, pray forbear :
Old English services are more sincere.
You send ten hearts,—the tithe is only mine ;
Give me but one, and burn the other nine.



*On the famous painting of the Crucifixion, by
Michael Angelo, who stabbed a person that he
might depict more naturally.*

WHILST his Redeemer on the canvas dies,
Stabbed at his feet his brother writhing lies.
The daring artist, cruelly serene,
Views the pale cheek and the distorted mien;
He drains off life by drops, and, deaf to cries,
Examines every spirit as it flies ;
He studies torment, dives in mortal woe,
To rouse up every pang repeats the blow.
Each rising agony, each dreadful grace,
Yet warm, transplanting to his Saviour's face,
O glorious theft ! O nobly wicked draught !
With its full charge of death each feature fraught
Such wondrous force the magic colours boast,
From his own skill he starts in horror lost.

DR. YOUNG.

On the Statue of Niobe.

TO stone the gods have changed her—but in vain,
The sculptor's art has made her breathe again.

From the Greek.



THE man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.

YOUNG.



ONE day in Chelsea meadows walking,
Of poetry and such things talking,
Says Ralph, a merry wag—
“An epigram, if smart and good,
In all its circumstances should
Be like a jelly-bag.”
“Your simile,” I own, “is new;
But how wilt make it out?” says Hugh.
Quoth Ralph, “I'll tell thee, friend:
Make it at top both wide and fit
To hold a budget-full of wit,
And point it at the end.”



A LITTLE rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

DYER.

Ulysses' Dog.

WHEN wise Ulysses, from his native coast
Long kept by wars, and long by tempests tossed,
Arrived at last,—poor, old, disguised, alone,
To all his friends and e'en his queen unknown ;
Changed as he was with age, and toils, and cares,
Furrowed his rev'rend face, and white his hairs,
In his own palace forced to ask his bread,
Scorned by those slaves his former bounty fed,
Forgot of all his own domestic crew,—
The faithful dog alone his master knew ;
Unfed, unhoused, neglected, on the clay,
Like an old servant now cashiered he lay ;
And though e'en then expiring on the plain,
Touched with resentment of ungrateful man,
And longing to behold his ancient lord again,
Him, when he saw, he rose and crawled to meet :—
Twas all he could, and fawned and kissed his feet,
Seized with dumb joy ; then, falling by his side,
Owned his returning lord, looked up, and died.

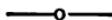
POPE.



A HUMOROUS fellow in a tavern late,
Being drunk and valiant, gets a broken pate :
The surgeon, with his instruments and skill,
Searches his skull deeper and deeper still
To feel his brains, and try if they were sound ;
And as he makes ado about the wound,
The fellow cries, “Good surgeon, spare your pains :
When I began this brawl, I had no brains.”

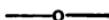
The Doctor and the Patient.

"SLEPT you well?" "Very well." "My draught
did good."
"It did no harm, for yonder it hath stood."

*On a Miser.*

IRON was his chest ;
Iron was his door ;
His hand was iron,
And his heart was more.

PHILIP DODD.



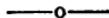
SAM WILLS had viewed Kate Betts,—a smiling
lass,—
And for her pretty mouth admired her face.
Kate had liked Sam for nose of Roman size,
Not minding his complexion or his eyes.
They met. Says Sam, "Alas ! to say the truth,
I find myself deceived by that small mouth !"
"Alas !" cries Kate, "could any one suppose
I could be so deceived by such a nose ?
But I henceforth shall hold this maxim just,—
To have experience first, and then to trust !"

KING.

Not a-Miss.

MATILDA, whose charms were beginning to fade,
 A testy old widower seemed to upbraid
 With "Pardon me, sir, but I think, to be plain,
 'Twould not be amiss if you marry again."

The gentleman shrugged up his shoulders, and said,
 "Indeed 'tis a chance if again I shall wed ;
 But to answer you fairly, I'll just mention this :
 If I marry again, it will not be *a-Miss.*"

*The Canvass or the Poll?*

An Impromptu written whilst sitting under a marquee.

WHEN parliament-people petition their friends,
 The state of the poll on the canvass depends ;
 But here we submit to a diff'rent control,—
 The state of the canvas depends on the pole.

JAMES SMITH.

*Thraso.*

THRASO picks quarrels when he 's drunk at night ;
 When sober in the morning, dares not fight.
 Thraso, to shun those ills that may ensue,
 Drink not at night, or drink at morning too.

WALSH.

On some Snow which Melted in a Lady's Breast.

THE envious snow comes down in haste,
To prove thy breast less fair;
But grieves to see itself surpassed,
And melts into a tear.

—o—

On being asked to write "Something Original."

A N original something, dear maid, you would
wish me
To write; but how shall I begin?
For I'm sure I have nothing original in me,
Excepting original sin.

CAMPBELL.

—o—

From the French.

F ADE, flowers, fade ; nature will have it so ;
'T is but what we must in our autumn do.
And as your leaves lie quiet on the ground,
The loss alone by those that loved them found,—
So in the grave shall we as quiet lie,
Missed by some few that loved our company.
But some so like to thorns and nettles live,
That none for them can, when they perish, grieve.

WALLER.

A Fine Needle's Smart.

WHO could believe that a fine needle's smart
Should from a finger pierce a virgin's heart ?
That from an orifice so very small
The spirits and the vital blood should fall ?
Strephon and Phaon, I 'll be judged by you,
If more than this has not been found too true.
From smaller darts much greater wounds arise,
When shot by Cynthia's or by Laura's eyes.

KING.

—o—

A PAINTER was asked what he thought it would
cost
To paint the Red Sea,—likewise Pharaoh's whole
host ;
Who said he would paint it for twenty-five pounds,
And the place should be clear where his army was
drowned :
The whole was intended to cover the wall
Which led to the stairs by the side of the hall.
The man set to work, and, just as he said,
The place was exact, for he painted it red ;
Then requested his money ; the job being done.
Says the gentleman, — “ Where are the army all
gone ?—
You 've not painted Pharaoh, nor one of his men !
I beg it may all be done over again.”
“ No, no,” says the painter ; “ I now claim my fee
And as for the army, they 're drowned in the sea !”

Written in a Lady's Table-book.

WITH what strange raptures would my soul
be blest,
Were but her book an emblem of her breast !
As I from that all former marks efface,
And, uncontrolled, put new ones in their place,
So might I chase all others from her heart,
And my own image in the stead impart.
But, ah, how short the bliss would prove, if he
Who seized it next might do the same by me !

WALSH.



THE greatest gifts that nature does bestow,
Can't, unassisted, to perfection grow :
A scanty fortune clips the wings of fame,
And checks the progress of a rising name.
Each dastard virtue drags a captive's chain,
And moves but slowly, for it moves with pain :
Domestic cares sit hard upon the mind,
And cramp those thoughts which should be un-
confined :
The cries of poverty alarm the soul,
Abate its vigour, its designs control :
The stings of want inflict the wounds of death,
And motion always ceases with the breath.
The love of friends is found a languid fire,
That glares but faintly, and will soon expire :
Weak is its force, nor can its warmth be great,—
A feeble light begets a feeble heat.
Wealth is the fuel that must feed the flame ;
It dies in rags, and scarce deserves a name.

PARNELL.

Love and Jealousy.

HOW much are they deceived who vainly strive
By jealous fears to keep our flames alive !
Love's like a torch, which, if secured from blasts,
Will faintlier burn, but then it longer lasts.
Exposed to storms of jealousy and doubt,
The blaze grows greater, but 'tis sooner out.

WALSH.

—o—

“ **W**HATEVER is, is right,” says Pope ;
So said a sturdy thief :
But when his fate required a rope,
He varied his belief.
I asked if still he held it good :
“ Why, no,” he sternly cried ;
“ Good texts are only understood
By being well applied.”

—o—

On my Wedding-day.

HERE'S a happy new-year ! but, with reason,
I beg you 'll permit me to say,—
Wish me *many* returns of the *season*,
But as *few* as you please of the *day*.

BYRON.

Sent with a couple of Ducks to a Patient by the late Dr. Jenner.

I'VE despatch'd, my dear madam, this scrap of a letter,
To say that Miss Thomson is very much better :
A regular doctor no longer she lacks,
And therefore I've sent her a couple of quacks.



Upon the Golden Medal.

OUR guard upon the royal side,—
On the reverse our beauty's pride ;
Here we discern the frown and smile,
The force and glory of our isle.
In the rich medal, both so like
Immortals stand, it seems antique ;
Carved by some master, when the bold
Greeks made their Jove descend in gold ;
And Danaë wondering at that shower,
Which, falling, stormed her brazen tower.
Britannia there, the fort in vain
Had battered been with golden rain ;
Thunder itself had failed to pass :
Virtue 's a stronger guard than brass.

WALLER.



Origin of the term Whig.

A WHIG received the name, 't is said,
From something false about the head.

On its being suggested that the light wines of Claret and Hock might possibly be kept in cask on ullage, by pouring in oil upon the surface, as is done sometimes in Italy, to exclude the air.

To Grocery Wine Merchants and dealers in Oil and Vinegar.

YE fresh-made Vintners who require a little information
To enable you to vend your wines throughout the
British nation,
May learn in Travers' circular a plan for keeping wine,
Which certainly in your own trade advantage would
combine;
For should the Claret and the Hock unfortunately spoil,
You then could draw from out your cask both vinegar
and oil.

S. B.

— o —

The Power of Time.

IF neither brass nor marble can withstand
The mortal force of Time's destructive hand ;
If mountains sink to vales, if cities die,
And lessening rivers mourn their fountains dry ;
" When my old cassock," said a Welsh divine,
" Is out at elbows, why should I repine ? "

SWIFT.

Quin and Foote.

Q UIN and Foote one day walked out
To view the country round :
In merry mood, they chaffing stood
Hard by the village pound.

Foote from his poke a shilling took,
And said, " I 'll bet a penny,
In a short space, within this place,
To make this piece a guinea."

Upon the ground within the pound
The shilling soon was thrown.
"Behold !" says Foote, "the thing 's made out,—
For there is one pound one."

"I wonder not," said Quin, "that thought
Should in your head be found,
Since that 's the way your debts you pay,—
One shilling in the pound !"

—o—

T HOU saidst that I alone thy heart could move,
And that for me thou wouldest abandon Jove.
I loved thee then, not with a love defiled,
But as a father loves his only child.

I know thee now, and though I fiercelier burn,
Thou art become the object of my scorn.
See what thy falsehood gets : I must confess
I love the more, but I esteem the less.

WALSH.

Captain S—— sent the following Answer to an Opponent, who, on his refusal to accept a Challenge to fight a Duel, addressed him in these words :—“What ! you’re afraid, then !”

“**W**HAT ! you’re afraid, then !” Yes, I own
you’re right :

I am afraid to sin, though not to fight.
My country claims my service; but no law
Bids me in folly’s cause my sword to draw.
I fear no man nor demon, and, though odd,
Am not ashamed to own I fear a God.

—o—

Nothing.

MYSTERIOUS nothing, how shall I define
Thy shapeless, baseless, placeless emptiness ;
Nor form, nor colour, size nor shape are thine ;
Nor words nor figures can thy void express.

But though we cannot thee to aught compare,
To thee a thousand things may likened be ;
And though thou art with nobody—nowhere—
Yet half mankind devote their lives to thee.

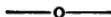
How many books thy history contains !
How many heads thy mighty plans pursue !
What labouring hands thy portion only gain !
What busy men thy doing only do !

To thee, the great, the proud, the busy bend ;
And, like my verses, all in nothing end.

REV. T. BECK.

*On a gentleman who Declined the Degree of
D.C.L.*

OXFORD, no doubt, you wish me well,
But, prithee, let me be :
I can't, alas ! be D.C.L.,
Because of *L. S. D.*

*To the Master of St. John's College.*

I STOOD, sir, patient at your feet,
Before your elbow chair ;
But make a bishop's throne your seat,—
I'll *kneel* before you there.

PRIOR.

*On one who, having lost his Right Hand, wrote
well with his Left.*

THOUGH fortune thee of thy right hand 's bereft,
Right well thou writest with the hand that 's
left !

*The Rule of the Road.*

THE rule of the road is a paradox quite :
As you 're driving your carriage along,
If you go to the left you are sure to go right ;
If you go the right you are wrong.

A Dunce's Speech at School.

THE more I strive to learn, the less I know ;
Thus, like a lobster, do I backward go.
In vain you teach what I can't comprehend ;
Either your method or my judgment mend.

THE preacher Maurus cries, "All wit is vain,"
Unless 'tis like his godliness—for gain.
Of most vain things he may the folly own,
But wit 's a vanity he has not known.

I AM heir : Catullus, thou hast said it ;
But I will not believe it, till I read it.

Not Married at all.

AN Hibernian once, in a Limerick paper,
Advertised, 'cause his wife ran away ;
That she had set off with a fat linendraper,
And his debts, sure, he never would pay.
This caution he gave, that she might not be trusted,
To the old and the young, great and small ;
"If you e'er trust my wife, you will surely be worsted,
For we never were married at all !"

A Miser Commended.

GREAT soul, who nobly thus allots his pelf,
All to his heir, and nothing to himself.

LUCILLIUS.

—o—

The Decanter.

O THOU, that high thy head dost bear,
With round smooth neck, and single ear,
With well-turned narrow mouth, from whence
Flow streams of noblest eloquence ;
'Tis thou, that first the bard divine,
Sacred to Phœbus and the Nine,
That mirth and soft delight canst move,
Sacred to Venus, and to love :
Yet, spite of all thy virtues rare,
Thou'rt not a boon companion fair :
Thou'rt full of wine, when thirsty I ;
And when I'm drunk, then thou art dry.

—o—

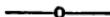
Chantrey's Woodcocks.

In 1829, Sir Francis Chantrey shot two wood-cocks at one shot, and afterwards sculptured the birds in marble.

THEIR good and ill from the same source they drew ;
Here shrined in marble by the hand that slew.

Mixing in Society.

FITZMALL, who drinks with knights and lords
 To gain a share of notoriety,
 Will tell you, in most truthful words,
 He *mixes* in the best society.

*At Home and Abroad.*

SAYS the wife of a Cantab, "Pray tell me, how is it,
 I'm your dear, and your love, when I go on a visit;
 But when I return I'm the plague of your life,
 And we pass all our time in reproaches and strife?"
 Says the Cantab, "I'll tell you. When you are afar,
 I do what I like, without hindrance or jar.
 Though my rule you despise, you must bow to the laws
 That regulate matter, and this is the cause :—
 Your attractions increase with diminished resistance,
 And the force of my love as the square of the *distance*."

JERMYN.



Lines sent to a Lady on seeing the Announcement made in The Times of the birth of her two children as WINS.

IF you look in *The Times*, ma'am, I think you will
 see
 That your two little darlings are wanting their T (tea).

B. S.

Men and Women.

THOUGHTLESS that "all that's brightest fades,"
 Unmindful of that knave of *spades*,—
 The sexton and his subs,—
 How foolishly we play our parts !
 Our wives on *diamonds* set their hearts,
 We set our hearts on *clubs*.

SIDNEY SMITH.



JOHN'S wife and John were *tête-à-tête* ;
 She witty was, industrious he.
 Says John, "I've earned the bread we've ate,"
 "And I," says she, "have *urned* the tea."

*On the Slop-seller Moses.*

HALF Hebrew, half English, the slop-seller Moses
 Cries Clo'es all the week, but on Saturday closes.
 SIMPSON.

*Taking Pains.*

BENEATH the piazza two wags chanced to pass,
 Where a shop was adorned by a large square of glass:
 Quoth Tom, *sotto voce*, "Hail ! Burnett & Co.,
 Success now-a-days is dependent on show."
 "Not so," answered Richard, "here industry reigns ;
 Success is dependent on using great *panes*."

JAMES SMITH.

The fortunate Want.

HOW like is this picture, you'd think that it breathes!
 What life! What expression! What spirit!
 It wants but a tongue. "Oh no!" said the spouse,
 "That want is its principal merit."

*On seeing a Fox-hunter painted with a Book in his hand.*

LET poets and painters their fancy pursue,
 So they keep probability always in view;
 But what censure does that silly fellow require,
 Who has painted a book in the hands of a squire!

*On Mr. Winter, the Tax-collector.*

HERE comes Mr. Winter, collector of taxes;
 I advise you to pay him whatever he axes,
 And that too without any nonsense or flummery;
 For though Winter's his name, his actions are *summary*.

THEODORE HOOK.



IF evils come not—then our fears are but vain,
 And if they do—fear but augments the pain.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

IN a Devonshire lane, as I trotted along,
T'other day, much in want of a subject for song,
Thinks I to myself, I have hit on a strain—
Sure, marriage is just like a Devonshire lane!
In the first place, 'tis long; and when once you are in it,
It holds you as fast as a cage does a linnet,
For howe'er rough and dirty the road may be found,
Drive forward you must, for there's no turning round.
But though 'tis so long, it is not very wide,
For two are the most that together can ride;
And e'en then 'tis a chance but they get in a pother,
And jostle and cross, and run foul of each other.
Oft Poverty greets them with mendicant looks;
And Care pushes by them, o'erladen with crooks;
And Strife's grazing wheels try between them to pass;
And Stubbornness blocks up the way on her ass.
Then the banks are so high to the left-hand and right
That they shut up the beauties around them from sight;
And hence you'll allow 'tis an inference plain,
That marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.
But then too these banks within which we are pent
With bud, blossom, or berry are richly besprent;
And the conjugal fence which forbids us to roam
Looks lovely when decked with the comforts of home.
In the rock's gloomy crevice the bright holly grows,
The ivy waves fresh o'er the withering rose,
And the evergreen love of a virtuous wife
Sothes the roughness of care, cheers the winter of life.
Then long be the journey and narrow the way!
I'll rejoice that I've seldom a turnpike to pay;
And, what others may say, be the last to complain,
Though marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

Fortune.

FORTUNE a goddess is to fools alone,
The wise are always masters of their own.

DRYDEN.

*From the Russian.*

WHAT is man's history? Born,—living,—dying :
Leaving the still shore for the troubled wave ;
Struggling with storm winds, over shipwrecks flying,
And casting anchor in the silent grave.

*To a Rich Young Widow.*

I WILL not ask if thou canst touch
The tuneful ivory key,
Those silent *notes* of thine are such
As quite suffice for me.

I'll make no question if thy skill
The pencil comprehends ;
Enough for me, love, if thou still
Canst draw thy dividends.

On the Marriage of Miss Week to Mr. Day.

A week is lost, a day is gained,
But time must not complain :
There'll soon be little days enough
To make a week again.

*On the narrow escape from drowning of Messrs.
Allsopp & Bass.—vide "Times," 15 Sept., 1876.*

Two brewers, A and B, a fishing went one day,
And nearly met a *watery bier* much to their great dismay,
And they who had a *living* got from the free use of water,
Most narrowly escaped their *death* within the self-same
quarter ;
They made a change they little thought on that eventful
day,
As Mr. B. assumed the form like unto Mr. A :
For, as the boat had drifted far, and when the same was
stopped,
Good Mr. Bass was taken out from head to foot *all sopped*.
B. S.

FINIS.



